

T H E
Country-mans Complaint,
 A N D
 Advice to the K I N G.

WE only can admire those happy times
 Of Innocence, unskill'd in Laws and Crimes;
 When Gods were known by Blessings, own'd by Prayer,
 And 'twas no part of Worship for to swear:
 Clearer than Fountains, and more free than those,
 Impartial Truth they all to each disclose.
 To hear and to believe were strictly joyn'd,
 And Speech thus answer'd what it first design'd.
 But Oh unhappy state of Humane kind!
 Nought dreadful now our Awe, or Faith can bind.
 Vows and Religions are but bare pretence,
 Oaths are found out to shackle Innocence,
 And Laws must serve a perjur'd Impudence.
 Tumults address for Blood, Witness for Hire deceives,
 And Judge is forc'd to Sentence what he ne're believes.
 All Truth and Justice, blushing withdraw,
 Leaving us nothing but the Form of Law:
 Whereby Rogues profligate and hardned in their Vice
 Proscribe all Loyal men, as factions raise their price
 Poor Land! whose Folly to swift Ruine tends,
 Despis'd by Foes, unaided by its Friends.
 In vain does Heaven her Fiery Comets light,
 We stifle th' Evidence, and still grope in night:
 Baffled by Fools, betray'd by perjur'd Knaves,
 Rather than Subjects, we'll be branded Slaves:

And

And by a vain purfuit of airy Blifs,
 Forfeit fubftantial real Happinefs;
 Change Monarchy (from all oppreffion free)
 Religion, and its Native Purity,
 True Freedom, without lawlefs Liberty;
 For thoufand Mafters, worft of Tyranny,
 For frantick Zeal, formal Hypocrifie,
 For Licence to rude rabbles, Hell and Slavery.
 And all this wrought by old known Cheats and Rooks,
 Gods! to be twice Cajol'd by Cants and Looks!
 Sots, worfe than Brutes, to run into that Net
 We fee, and know for our, destruction fet!

To the KING.

A Rife, O thou once Mighty *Charles*, arife,
 Difpel thofe mifts that cloud thy piercing Eyes;
 Read o're thy Martyr'd Father's Tragick Story,
 Learn by his Murder, different ways to glory.
 How fatal 'tis, by him is underftood,
 To yield to Subjects, when they thirft for Blood,
 And cloak their black designs with Publick Good,
 As thou art God-like by thy *Pity*, fhew
 That thou art God-like by thy *Juftice* too:
 Left we fhould count thy greateft Vertue, Vice,
 And call thy Mercy, fervile Cowardife.
 Of old, when daring Giants skal'd the Skie,
 The King of Gods ne're laid his Thunder by,
 To hear Addreffes for their Property.
 But quell'd *His* Rebels by a ftroke Divine,
 And left example how to deal with *Thine*.